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OPINION

In a Drawing Room

Cord Meyer Jr., 27, is a pale young man with a preoccupied smile and wavy brown hair. His paleness and his preoccupation are the marks of war: he was very nearly killed on Guam. He lost an eye and had his face shattered when a Jap grenade exploded in his foxhole.* Since his discharge from the Marines, Cord Meyer has been a young man on a crusade. He is the president of United World Federalists, which seeks to save the world through a limited federation before an atomic war destroys it.

He has been talking night & day, at colleges, over the radio, to public audiences, to anyone and everyone who will listen. He has written a book (*Peace or Anarchy*) which, while not exactly a best-seller, has gone into five printings of 13,000 copies.

Last week he spoke in the graceful drawing room of Manhattan's English Speaking Union.

The middle-aged audience listened to him attentively, then engaged him in spirited debate. Cord Meyer is quick on his feet, sure of his position, talks fast, and is convinced that there is no time to lose.

The Plan. Cord Meyer is the son of a wealthy New York real estate man and onetime diplomat. Before World War II, he was a top honor student at Yale and editor of the *Yale Lit.* After he was wounded and sent home from the Pacific, he married Mary Pinchot, the comely niece of Pennsylvania's late Governor Gifford Pinchot. He had got started on his crusade when he served as "veteran aide" to Delegate Harold Stassen at the San Francisco Conference. There he saw the United Nations born. He deplored the veto, which left U.N. virtually powerless to prevent aggression.

The Hope. He sees no hope in U.N. as it is now, calling it "a weak league of sovereign, armed states preparing for war." As his ideas took shape, he framed a program. He wants: 1) an agreement among all nations to surrender their arms to U.N., retaining only a force big enough to keep internal order; 2) a U.N. police force to defend all nations from aggression; and 3) an Assembly acting as the world's chief legislative body, with a Security Council acting as a Cabinet.

He is not proposing a One-World government and world constitution; that would take too much time—more time, he thinks, than the world has. He is young enough to feel that his elders are timid, and mature enough to know that the present uneasy peace cannot last. And he is being heard. He disregards cynics. He thinks of himself as a practical realist and considers optimism foolish but hope necessary. "If this hope is naive," he says, "then it is naive to hope."

* His twin brother was killed on Okinawa.

ARMED FORCES

Ike Says Goodbye

"There's not going to be any stuffy goodbye to the troops," said retiring Chief of Staff Ike Eisenhower. Accordingly, the ceremony in the Pentagon was brief. President Truman drove over from the White House. In Army Secretary Royall's unpretentious office Ike stepped forward, administered the oath of office to his friend & successor, homely, homespun General Omar Bradley. Then the President pinned a Distinguished Service Medal (his third) on Ike's chest. "I'm highly honored," said Ike. "It gives me more pleasure than you," replied Truman.

Two days earlier, at an informal lunch at Washington's Press Club, Ike had been



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE
CORD MEYER JR.
So little time.

jaunty, relaxed, full of charm and wit. He realized, he said, that "in the last two weeks I've lost whatever news value I ever had," but he wanted to talk about a few things. And, he added emphatically, all his remarks would be "on the record."

He spoke of the necessity for the Marshall Plan, of his hopes for real unification of the armed services. Did his renunciation of presidential aspirations apply to 1952? "I made no limitation on time," said Ike. What were the chances of war with Russia? "Not now, that's certain. She's not ready." What would he do before he assumed his duties as president of Columbia University? Ike laughed. His ideas were like those of General Brehon Somervell, he said: "Find a cottage with a rocking chair on the porch and sit there for six weeks or so. After that I'll begin to rock—slowly." (Actually, Ike is going to write his war memoirs.)

Reporters got up from the littered table

shaking their heads in admiration. More than ever, they realized that Ike had not only renounced politics but the presidency of the U.S. as well. As they walked out the door, one newsman said what almost everyone was thinking: "What a candidate he would have made." No one disputed him.

Toward Merger

The nominal unification of the armed forces had not stilled inter-service bitterness, and no one knew it better than Secretary of Defense James Forrestal. A month ago, he decided that the air transport services of the Air Force and the Navy should be merged. He bluntly ordered the respective Secretaries to find out "how"—not whether—it should be done.

Last week Forrestal was able to announce the "broad outline" of the first major step toward effective integration. Planes and personnel of NATS and ATS would be combined to form the Military Air Transport Service, under the command of the Air Force. The new service would fly all scheduled routes now flown by the separate services, but both would continue to operate transport planes for strictly intra-service purposes.

The man named to command MATS was lean, able Major General Laurence S. Kuter, U.S. representative to the International Civil Aviation Organization in Montreal, who recently turned down a post as CAB chairman, when the Senate refused to let him keep his rank and higher Army pay on the new job. He would take over the command of MATS on March 1.

Snowdrop

The mercury stood at two below zero one morning last week at Pine Camp, the U.S. Army's 107,000-acre training area in northern New York. Three feet of snow blanketed the terrain, dotted with scrub pines. At H-hour, 11:30 a.m., 15 pot-bellied Fairchild Packets roared overhead, a scant 800 feet over the snow.

Then parachutes, white, red, green, blue and yellow, blossomed beneath the planes and the air was filled with men, guns and gear. For the next two days the paratroopers established an "airhead" against a theoretical enemy who had theoretically overrun the northeast.

It was the biggest over-snow airborne maneuver in Army history, the climax of "Exercise Snowdrop," latest in the Army's continuing research into the best way of fighting an Arctic war (others: Task Forces Frigid, Frost, Williaw in Alaska, Wisconsin and the Aleutians). The jump was made by 500 men of the 505th Airborne Battalion Combat Team, a unit of the Army's famed 82nd Airborne Division.

Observers wondered whether the Army was any better set to fight a cold war than it had been before. Movement was